

Jon Thomas Rowland

Full of bullet-holes...

The heat depressed him. It felt permanent. He passed the solstice. The days diminished. The light diminished. But not the heat.

Maybe the planet was dying, but the heat was killing. Most of it was dead already. From time to time, it all was. If something so monstrous could be said to have a preference, it was for death. Killing possibly, but it was too close to call. A brutal, unfriendly prodigal.



Citizen Hearse wrecked Butch's artistic career by buying newspapers like THE MAYPOLE DAILY EXAMINATION and bribing the reviewers to say Butch's work was crap. Which it was.

He would never become the ballsy-voiced radio announcer doing the Zoncolite spot on the Radio Hour....